

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MARCH 9, 1919

Under the Old Tree.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

WITH cheeks like flame and eyes sparkling with a bright, defiant light, Dorothy Graves swung out of the yard. She slammed the gate. "Go back!" she commanded sharply, as Carlo came leaping down the walk. "I don't care," she exploded just under her breath, "if 'tis copied! She needn't give such hard subjects if she doesn't want us to copy."

In her room, folded neatly and carefully, "The Midnight Adventure of Puck" waited to be handed in upon the morrow.

"I wish," Miss Damon had informed the English division at class hour yesterday, "to ascertain how much imagination you have. I am giving you, for that reason, no choice in your essay subject this week. You have made the acquaintance of Puck. See what exciting adventure you can think up concerning him."

Dorothy gasped. Then she sat very straight. She had been working all the year for a good mark in English. For English was Uncle Ned's great hobby.

When he discovered it was the stumbling-block of his favorite niece he wrinkled his broad forehead and drew his shaggy brows into a portentous frown; but the next time he saw her he patted her shoulder affectionately. "Niece," he said, "if ye'll get a high mark in English all the year round, I'll give ye those music lessons ye've set your heart on."

So at Miss Damon's words Dorothy Graves gasped, and turned disconsolately to the window.

Above all things, Dorothy was lacking in imagination.

Practical, honest, with a judgment her father declared sound and steady when confronted with facts, she could not suppose a thing, build castles in the air, or weave improbable dreams, as so many girls do.

Going straight to her room, she flung herself, face downward, on the bed, in sheer disappointment. This month her rank would drop. And she'd worked so hard—so hard!

Then, like a queer little echo something seemed to creep into her brain. She remembered, in a flash, the almost forgotten book of fairy tales that, as a child, she had carried to the great attic and hidden beneath a loose board. "I just *can't* read that stuff!" she had sniffed, as it slipped down. "Why didn't Aunt Jane bring a ribbon? I'll just let 'em think it's lost!" But no one thought to inquire for the missing book, and it had long since been forgotten by the sturdy, matter-of-fact girl.

Now, she remembered. Once again, the brightly covered book seemed to lie before her. As in a dream, she seemed studying the title page, that had aroused such ridicule in her childish mind,—*"The Wonderful Adventures of Fairy Folk in Fairy Land."*



JOAN OF ARC LISTENING TO THE VOICES.

Her tears ceased. She lay looking straight ahead. "But," something inside her seemed to say, "that wouldn't be honest, you know." And the same queer little voice that had first whispered in her ear replied: "She needn't have given such a subject. She might *know* you'd have to copy. Besides, it's the very last of the year. You have worked too hard to lose, *now*."

Rising, she tiptoed to the attic. "I'll just peep," she said.

She found the board—still loose—and raised it gently. There it lay, covered with dust and dirt,—the despised book!

Lifting it gingerly, she shook off the dirt, blowing and slamming the covers, then guiltily crept to her room and sitting down began turning the pages.

"The Midnight Adventures of a Fairy-God." The words stared blazingly up at her.

Listlessly she crossed to the table and began to write—"The Midnight Adventure of Puck." Her pen traced the words slowly.

She started at every sound. Here, she changed a name. There, she twisted a sentence about a little. Again, she dropped one completely, until, just before the supper call came, the essay lay before her completed. Folding it, she closed the book.

Her mother glanced up as she entered the dining-room. "Well, daughter," she smiled, "you've been teasing for strawberry shortcake, and here it is. I hope it's good."

Dr. Graves cut a generous piece. "Did you ever make one that wasn't good?" he asked. "I've been seconding Dorothy's plea all the week. Now," passing the plate, "don't make yourself sick, daughter."

Dorothy glanced at the luscious fruit—the cream piled high. Somehow, it didn't look quite the same as usual. She took a mouthful. There seemed to be no taste to it. She took another. It appeared to stick in her throat.

She pushed back her plate. "I guess," she said, glancing with lusterless eyes into her mother's face, "I'm not hungry."

"Isn't it right?" Mrs. Graves took a mouthful anxiously.

"It's de-lightful!" Dr. Graves assented. "Best one you ever made. And that's going some, mother." He turned to Dorothy. "What's the trouble, lass?" he demanded. "Sick?"

"I feel kinder queer."

Reaching out, his fingers found her pulse. "How?" he inquired.

"I don't know." She met his eyes gloomily. "Just queer. I can't eat."

"Pulse's all right." He touched her cheek lightly—her neck. "No fever," he declared emphatically. "Better let the eating go, and get into the air. I don't want nerves developing in my family."

As the door closed, he smiled reassuringly. "She's all right," he nodded, returning to his shortcake. "Had a little tiff with some of the girls, I expect; or got fussed up over work."

But when at breakfast-time Dorothy appeared with heavy eyes and pale cheeks her father's brows drew into a frown. "Sleep well?" he inquired brusquely. But his eyes were keen and kind.

"No." She tasted her coffee. "Tisn't good," she complained, pushing it aside. Her usually bright face was clouded. "I'd like a *change*," she declared, looking over the table. "Seems to me we always have the same thing."

"Why, dearie," her mother began anxiously; but Dr. Graves broke brusquely in. "Now," he ordered, "don't try to lay a lack of appetite at your mother's door, my girl."

Dorothy flushed. "I don't want anything," she asserted, rising. "I guess I'll start early, if you'll excuse me, mother, and go around through the woods for a walk before school."

At noon, she came up the walk with lagging steps. She forgot to speak to Carlo, who bounded, as usual, to the gate. Her feet seemed heavy. In a dull way, she began to wonder if she was going to be sick. Perhaps she was just growing up, and it was the effect of getting old. She wondered if she'd ever be hungry again.

Excusing herself from the table, she ran upstairs, and tucking the essay into her bag came down and picked up her hat.

Dr. Graves spoke carelessly. "Let's see," he remarked. "Isn't it next Sunday that you girls are to have that lesson you were talking about the other day, on the Ten Commandments? Can you repeat them, daughter?"

"No," she answered, shortly, "I can't."

"Better take the afternoon off, and study up."

"Why, Father Graves!"

"Never mind the *whys*." His voice was decided. A little note was running through it she had never heard there before. It appeared, even while it ordered, to still be caressing her. It was almost as if he had kissed her! And she had never known her father to do such a thing.

"I don't want you in school this afternoon," he said. "Take your Bible out under the trees. God's out-of-doors, taken in connection with his commandments, are the best prescription I can give."

Turning slowly, she left the room.

Dr. Graves arose. "Don't you worry, mother," he said, resting a firm hand on the shoulder of his wife. "Your girl's body is all right. It's her *soul*. I haven't been

a doctor twenty years for nothing. When that sickness comes there's only one kind of medicine to give. We've brought her up square—or tried to. We've prayed over her, and tried to hedge her in. But she's got to fight her own battles. All you and I can do is to keep on praying, and let a good God do the rest."

Going through the library, Dorothy absently picked up a Bible. Her face was full of a petulant protest; but she had learned, long since, that it was useless to question her father's decisions.

She tucked her bag under her arm. "If I see any of the girls," she mused, "I'll send that essay along, anyhow." Then she went slowly down the gravelled walk.

Entering the orchard, she threw herself down on the soft earth, under a giant tree, and lay looking dreamily into the sky. From a bough above her head came a soft, twittering note; a lone bird began to sing,—soft, sweet, full,—then louder and more joyous until it seemed as though his little heart would burst with its burden of ecstasy.

When the song was finished he spread his wings and was off; up—up!

Dorothy watched until he was a mere speck in the blue above. Then she sighed. "Seems," she said aloud, "as if he'd gone straight into heaven."

"I s'pose," she droned thoughtfully, a second later, "we all do, some day. I wonder if that's the way we'll go—just up and up until we're there?" Then, heart and mind full of the thought, she opened her book.

Bright head pillowed on rounded arm, she looked thoughtfully into space, repeating the First Commandment. "I wonder," she voiced as the last word fell from her lips, "if I'm going to be sick!"

A few minutes she gazed drearily ahead; then her eyes returned to the book. "I know the second one," she murmured. "Pa made me stay in the house all one afternoon to learn it, when I was a wee tot and had been bad. I'll never forget *that*."

Her eye ran slowly down the list. Mechanically, she repeated one after the other. "Thou shalt not"—

She stopped short. A queer, almost frightened look crept over her face. Her eyes widened. "*Steal*," she finished in a small, strange tone.

Her lips seemed stiff. She wet them slowly with her tongue. "I'm sick," she choked, and turned, face down, upon the earth. Her body shook with sobs. As in the flash of an eye, she seemed face to face with God,—the God she had been taught both to reverence and fear.

"*Thou shalt not steal!*"

The trees seemed whispering it. The grass murmured it as it rustled softly in the breeze. In the next tree a second bird began to sing,—the words seemed even in his song,—while over and above all a voice seemed thundering from the blue above, "*Thou shalt not—shalt not steal!*"

Dr. Graves, entering the orchard just then, paused. At sight of the shaking figure, the sound of half-repressed sobs, he bared his head and stood a second as though in the presence of God, then, turning, silently retraced his steps. "It's her, and God," he said reverently, and sprang into his waiting car.

"*Thou shalt not—shalt not steal!*"

The sobs ceased. Dorothy turned her head.

A moment she lay looking steadily up into the blue. "Little bird," said she at last, something solemn and sweet in her voice and shining from her eyes, "I wonder if *you've* heard God yet!" She caught her breath. "I have," she whispered. "I *thought* I was honest—but I was *stealing* a mark! I was *planning* to steal music lessons, too!"

Drawing the essay forth, she tore it into bits, scattering them about. When the last scrap of paper left her fingers she threw back her head. "Dorothy Graves," she declared, "you're saved from being a *thief*!"

With a long breath, she sprang lightly to her feet. All at once she felt free and happy. There was no question of sickness now. She seemed treading on air.

The next instant, she realized she was hungry. "I hope," she cried, brushing bright, moist locks from her eyes with a care-free gesture as she turned toward the house, "there's a bit of that shortcake left!"

She patted Carlo's shaggy head as he came bounding to her side. "Good old dog!" she said, reaching for the door, then, hand outstretched, turned and glanced back at the gnarled old tree. It would now be one of her sacred places.

"It's a wonderful thing," she said to herself, "when one *first* hears God's message—to her own heart."

The Comrade Brook.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

WE have the gayest little brook
That runs through our front yard;
The pixies paved it for a road,
With pebbles round and hard.

All Winter it is dressed in black
And frilled with frosty places;
In summer it is jacketed
With gold and sunbeam laces.

Its voice is like a silver bell;
"Tank—tinkle—tinkle—clink,"
Perhaps it's talking to itself
Of things it likes to think.

The sparrows come in dusty flocks
To spatter in its pools,
And playful little fishes romp
In harum-scarum schools.

I love that busy little brook
Because it laughs and sings;
It's heaps more fun to play in it
Than with my other things.

Fun.

A little boy six years old was boasting that he worked in a blacksmith shop. "What do you do there,—do you shoe horses?" "No, sir," he answered promptly, "I shoo flies."

"I vant some powder." "Mennen's?" "No, vimmen's." "Scented?" "No, I will take it mit me."

Our Dumb Animals.



Betty and Her Pets.

BY VIVA CLARK.

3. THE RABBITS AND THE GUINEA PIGS.

THE next time Daddy went to the city, he brought back two boxes punched with holes, and Betty didn't know which to open first. She listened at both, and shook them ever so gently. From one she heard "Wee! wee!" and from the other came the queerest sound, different than anything she had ever heard. It might have been a little padded hammer striking upon something hard. She opened that box in a hurry, and what do you think she saw? Two rabbits! One had light-brown Angora hair, soft and fluffy, and the other was a white bunny with pink eyes. They were very tame, and Betty could pet them all she wished.

Then she looked into the other box and found two guinea pigs, and *that* was where the "wee, wee" came from. One was almost white, with one black spot on his head, and the other was yellow, black, and white in patches, and they were both so fat and shaky that Betty laughed the minute she saw them. They didn't have any tails like regular pigs. "And you aren't much better," said Betty to the bunnies, "for you only have little fluffy bunches for tails."

Daddy gave Betty a pen in the corner of the henhouse for them. There was nice clean straw on the floor, and two boxes, and Betty put the rabbits in their box and the pigs in theirs so they wouldn't get them mixed. The rabbits hopped out immediately and hunted for something to eat. Then out trotted the pigs, teasing with their little squeal, but those rabbits never said a thing, and Betty couldn't imagine where that funny sound had come from.

As soon as she had them settled, she ran to the cellar for some vegetables to feed them. When she came back, she was in such a hurry she slammed the door and frightened the rabbits, and then she found out how they made that noise. They stamped on the floor just as hard as they could with their long, padded hind feet; their eyes were big and bright, and their long ears stood straight up. The pigs were frightened, too, but they didn't say anything; they only scuttled for their box so fast that they slipped going round the corner, then hid in the straw. Instead of trampling the straw as the rabbits did, the

pigs burrowed under it, until Betty had to feel all about in it to know whether they were at home or not.

But this time, as soon as they smelled the carrots Betty brought, out they came, talking and sliding up to see if they couldn't pull a carrot away. The rabbits ate as peaceably as you do, but the pigs quarrelled all the time; each wanted the whole carrot himself, and each tried to pull it into the box alone. Finally Betty broke it in halves. The yellow and black and white pig took his piece and tried to drag it into the box backwards; it was so heavy he could hardly manage it, and besides, he tried to keep on eating at the same time, until Betty laughed until she cried, to watch him. She named him "Brownie," and his mate "Blot," because the black spot on her head looked exactly like the blots Betty got on her copy book at school. The fluffy brown rabbit she named "Fluffy," and the white one, "Snowball."

One day Betty almost lost Brownie. She was taking him to the house to play with, and as she stepped onto the piazza, he squirmed (he never liked to be carried), and the first she knew, he dropped, ker-plunk, on the lowest step and began to run across the lawn. And he got under the spruce hedge before she could catch him. She tried to reach him on one side and he went to the other; she tried on the other and he slipped back. He was having such a beautiful time skipping back and forth that Betty couldn't be cross with him, but she didn't know how she could ever catch him, and if he stayed out all night, she was afraid a cat would get him. He wouldn't get hungry, for an apple tree hung over the hedge and the apples rolled right underneath. So Betty went to Daddy to ask what to do.

This is what he suggested: to take an old cage of Peter Pan's, put Blot into it, with a piece of screening through the middle so she couldn't get out, then set the cage down by the hedge and open the door. After a little, Brownie came up to tell Blot how nice it was under the hedge and to ask her to come out. But Blot wouldn't come out. So Brownie hopped in to see what the trouble was. Then Betty ran up and shut the door, and the naughty little runaway was caged. She didn't drop him again, you may be sure. But the next day she almost lost Fluffy.

Fame is what you have taken,
Character is what you give;
When to this truth you awaken,
Then you begin to live.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Recollections and Rhymes.

BY JANET FIELD HEATH.

"DO you know, Mother," said Polly Prickett, one afternoon, "I think God must be *perfectly wonderful*. I don't see how he *ever* thought of so many different flowers."

Polly and Mother had left Baby Brother on the porch with Peter and gone out to gather flowers to fill the great bowls that always helped to make the big brown house beautiful and happy. A light rain was falling and Mother had been afraid that it might shatter the more fragile garden flowers. Now as they came up with their hands full the flowers seemed all the more fragrant and lovely for the bright drops resting upon their petals.

"I used to think," said Mother, as she sat down comfortably in her favorite wicker chair,—*"I used to think that sometimes when God was especially pleased by anything kind or good that we did, he would stop in his work and make a new flower just to remember it by. So I grew to believe that perhaps each blossom with a delicate perfume was to him the memory of some gentle, unselfish act, and each flower of vivid hue but the recollection of a wonderful song or a lovely poem."*

"I love poems," said Polly, fervently. "We have them at school, and sometimes we make them, too."

"Let's make some now," suggested Mother, filling a big blue bowl with marigolds. "Come, Peter, you try too."

"Oh, no, I can't," said Peter, who was lying on the floor, making a windmill with his Tinker-Toy.

"Do play it, Peter," begged Polly. "It's lots of fun."

"All right, just once then," said her brother. "What are we going to make them about?"

"About—about Baby!" said Polly, clapping her hands.

She clapped them so hard that Baby Brother himself looked up quickly and the corners of his mouth turned up in a funny little smile.

"Oh," squealed Polly, "I know something—wait a minute, Mother and Peter,"—and then she recited:

"Baby's mouth is like the moon
When it's new and jolly.
I'll run and kiss the darling thing
And make it smile at Polly."

"O Polly Prickett!" laughed Mother, as the little girl jumped up to caress the sweet baby. "We never can do so well, can we, Peter?"

Peter, who was thoughtfully twisting one of Baby's curls over his finger, looked suddenly out at the rain and laughed in his turn.

"Well! I've got mine!" he announced proudly. "Listen!"

"Baby's hair is like a feather:
It can't stay out in rainy weather."

How they all laughed again then! "Well, well!" said Mother. "I'm afraid you are both going to get ahead of me. Whatever shall I say?"

Just then a tiny yellow butterfly driven in by the shower fluttered and lighted for a moment on Baby's soft round cheek.

Mother spoke softly:

"Baby's face is like a flower—
Sweet and fair and sunny.
The butterflies all gather round
To get a taste of honey."

"Why, Mother dear, that's beautiful!" said Polly. "I think that God must get a lot of flowers out of you anyway."

"Thank you, darling," said Mother Prickett. "Now let's see what rhymes with supper."

"Only brown bread again," said Polly, cheerfully.

"Not for a poetry supper," declared her mother. "It's peanut-butter sandwiches, and cocoa, with larkspur and daisies for trimmings."

"Peter, bring your windmill,
Polly, bring your flowers;
We'll save all our other rhymes
For other little showers."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

909 NEVADA STREET,
URBANA, ILL.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school at Urbana.

A few weeks ago our Sunday school gave a little play for the benefit of the people starving in Bible lands. We got over twenty-two dollars.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am eleven years old and I have a brother eight years old.

Yours truly,

LOIS SEYMOUR.

115 HIGH STREET,
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mr. Buckman. There are five boys in my class. Mrs. Carter is the superintendent of our church. I read *The Beacon* every week. I'd like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

CLARENCE ROGERS.

147 LATHROP STREET,
MADISON, WIS.

Dear Miss Buck,—Every Sunday, if possible, I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I enjoy it very much, especially getting *The Beacon*. I am thirteen years old and in the second-year class of the Randall Junior High. My teacher's name is Dr. Elva Lyman, and our former minister was Dr. Foster.

I would like to wear a Beacon Club button and would be proud to uphold its name.

Sincerely,

DOROTHY A. HESS.

Other new members of our Club are Winifred Witham, Keene, N.H.; Jennie Posthumus, Passaic, N.J.; Sheafe Krans, Plainfield, N.J. New members in Massachusetts are Alden and R. Shirley Abbott, Cambridge; Olga Peterson, Dorchester; Marguerite Gillespie, Marblehead; Alice A. Schwarzwald, Quincy; George Elmer Young, Stoneham; Anne Baker, West Roxbury; Dorothy Harrington, Woburn; Elizabeth Oldham, Wollaston.

Uncle Si's Story About the Little Children who Were Afraid.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

LISTEN, Honey, I'se gwine tell you 'bout dem little chillun dat was afeard. Hit was er turrible night, black and raining and de wind jest er-carrying on! De Lord God looked down upon His yearth and what you reckon was de fust t'ing he seed? Two little chillun cr-laying in dere bed all scrouched up and shaking. And when de Lord had seed dat-ar He called His holy angel and made communion wid her, saying:

"How come dose little chillun is a laying dar in dere bed all scrouched up and shaking?"

De angel bowed low before de t'rone, and she says:

"Lord, dose little chillun is afeard."

"How come dey's afeard?" axed de Lord.

"Dey's been good chillun all day, gone right straight and done what dere mammy sont 'em to do and when time come to play dey was jest as peaceable and kind!" And de Lord God lowed to de angel:

"When a little chile's done somepin wrong hit should be afeard, but when hit's been good all day hit ain't got no call to be scrouched up and scared in de night."

"Dat's de gospel t'ruf, Lord," said the angel. "But when de night's black and de wind jest er-carrying on hit makes dose little chillun feel so powerful little 'pears like dere ain't nut'ing 'tween dem and de debbil."

Now when de Lord God had heard dat-ar he became exceeding sorrowful and he axed:

"Ain't dose little chillun been told nary time dat de Lord loves good chillun better'n all de yuther critters He's done made?"

"Lord," lowed de angel, "if dose little chillun knowed dat-ar, dey wouldn't be afeard no more forever."

"Den," said de Lord, "go tell 'em dat 'mejit. Tell 'em de Lord so loves good chillun dat He's gwine take care of 'em in de berry blackest night."

Man, sir, de angel was proud to go wid dem words. And all de time she was er-flying down to yearth she was er-studying 'bout which was gwine to be de best way to give de Lord's glad message to dose little chillun:

"If I goes in dar what dey is wid' my bright light I'se sho gwine scare 'em worse'n dey's scared now," says she to herself. "I ain't gwine go in dat-er way. I'se gwine go in like a voice outen de wind and tell 'em soft," says she.

And presently while dose little chillun was er-shaking under de kiver dey heard a low sweet voice saying:

"Little chillun, you ain't got no call to be afeard. You done been good all day and de Lord God loves good chillun better'n any yuther critter he's done made."

Lo and behold, when de little chillun heard dat-ar dey quit er-shaking, and dey cries:

"How come de Lord loves we-all? We's little and no count and can't sarve Him none."

"Oh, yes, you can sarve Him," says de low sweet voice. "When you go long 'mejit and do what yo' mammy's sont you to do, you'se sarving de Lord and when you plays peaceable and kind you'se sarving Him some mo'. Love de Lord and sarve Him, little chillun," says de voice outen de wind, "Love de Lord 'cuz He's done picked you to make His kingdom of Heaven. Love de Lord and sarve Him 'cuz He loves you." And de sweet voice kept er-saying dat and er-saying hit twell presently dose little chillun forgot all erbout being scared and fell fast asleep.

And Honey, I say unto you as de angel lowed to dem little chillun, so long as you love de Lord He's gwine love you and so long as de Lord loves you hit don't make no manner of difference how turrible de night is, you ain't got no call to be afeard.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLV.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 13, 4, 7, 16, is a musical instrument.
My 1, 2, 9, 5, is a thing to wear around the waist.
My 12, 8, 27, 11, is secure.
My 28, 21, 14, 19, is a burden.
My 10, 17, 18, 8, 22, 14, is a fruit.
My 15, 6, 20, 26, is not polite.
My 11, 2, 3, is an animal.
My 25, 29, 30, is something that flies at night.
My whole is a musical piece of advice.
ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 8, 6, 10, 2, is a part of a person.
My 1, 7, 4, 3, is a cool place in a forest.
My 11, 2, 3, is an animal.
My 5, 9, 1, 4, 5, is a boy's name.
My whole is the name of a great man.
THEODORE STETSON.

ANAGRAMS.

I.

He liked all motors; in COMPLETE
He took a keen delight.
On country road or city street
The great CARS TROT with tireless feet,
As harnessed giants might.

II.

With WHOLE awhile he made his way,
Till stopped by War's advance;
Our hero, taking leave one day,
Cried, "ROLL, YE CARTS, as best ye may,
For I am bound to France!"

III.

With mighty TOTAL then he chose
To drive the frightened Hun;
They TORE MAD RANKS of flying foes,
They cleared the field with thundering blows,—
A fearful fight well won.

The Wellspring.

TWISTED AUTHORS.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Caltot. | 5. Gdode. |
| 2. Tsneo. | 6. Rrwna. |
| 3. Tntoyl. | 7. Dbnwlia. |
| 4. Wsote. | 8. Dksnlec. |
- ISAIAH CHASE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XLI.—Florence Nightingale.
ENIGMA XLII.—To know all is to forgive all.
CHESS-BOARD PUZZLE.—Window, door, wall, cellar, attic, closet, floor.
TRIANGLE.—

P
BE
PEA
BEAR
PEARL

THE BEACON.

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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